

The Burgesses' SONG.

(Sung at the CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB, in
Sunderland, Sept. 21, 1774.)

CUP

21

9-37/85

I.

HOW little do the courtiers think
What we poor scum can do,
Tho' sore oppress'd, we scorn to shrink,
For we are all—True Blue.
No threat'ning can affright us,
No bribes our firmness rout,
Brave *Phipps* we know will right us,
So drink his health about.

II.

His worthy colleague, *Delaval*,
Will boldly lend his aid;
Then let us give our voices all
To them,—and ben't afraid.
Let venal hearts fair promises
Receive with awkward glee,
Mankind shall see our motto is
“We are and will be free.”

III.

They've said, which shews their ignorance,
That we're the earth's base scum,
And passive meek obedience
Would best such folks become:
But this so far from spoiling, boys,
Our argument doth prop,
For scum, when pots are boiling, boys,
Will ever be at top.

IV.

Led on by two such heroes,
Our efforts ne'er can fail
(If we undauntedly stick close)
To make our foes turn tail;
And freedom to the world make known
By us brave sons of Tyne,
Once more she has regain'd her throne,
And splendidly doth shine.

V.

Then let the Constitution's friends,
Their glasses charge brim high
To men,—on whom each here depends
When danger is so nigh.
With them we trust our liberty,
Then drink, lads, one and all,
Success and unanimity
To *Phipps* and *Delaval*,